

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION

No. 106.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1854.

{ PRIOR 1d.
{ STAMPED 2d.



FRANK LAYTON: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES FRANK, WHO MAY OR MAY NOT BE A HERO.—
A SCENE IN AN AUSTRALIAN TAVERN.

So Frank Layton at last made up his mind! It was a hard struggle, notwithstanding the cheerful

looks he put on. It wanted a long pull and a strong pull, he said; but then what could he do better, or what could he do at all, if he should remain at home? At home! Frank would soon be homeless.

No. 106, 1854.

E

Frank had been brought up to farming. His father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, had been farmers before him. His great-great-grandfather—but we need not trace the pedigree so far back as that. Frank Layton, the great-grandfather, had flourished in the "good old times," when a farmer could scarcely help flourishing. He held a long lease of a large farm at a rent of fifteen shillings an acre, or thereabout. He grew heavy crops; made good markets; had a large balance in his favour at the Silvertongs bank; paid his taxes, like a loyal subject, with a smiling countenance; kept a hunter in his stables, and rode sometimes with lord Mudbury's hounds; lived a jolly life, as he said; thought trade mean and beggarly; was big at parish meetings, annual audits, public dinners, and in the jury box; grew fat in person, and grey-headed, sometimes had the gout, and at last died.

Frank Layton, the second on our list, succeeded to his father's farm a year or two before the lease had expired. He had no difficulty in renewing it, but the rent was doubled; and by this time much besides was doubled: tithe was doubled, so were rates; wear and tear was doubled, and so was labour; new taxes had been put on, while the expense of seed was more than doubled. When his father commenced farming, it had cost him four hundred pounds, yearly, to cultivate a hundred acres of land; thirty years later, every hundred acres cost Frank the second nearly eight hundred pounds. But what then? these were the days of war prices; and wasn't the value of live stock and dead stock doubled also? And produce? why, in the former year, a quatern loaf was worth only sixpence-farthing; in the latter, it was sold for eighteen-pence, or near it. So much the better for the farmer. Frank the second thought so; and since doubling was the fashion, it was only following the fashion to double his personal and family expenditure. His father kept one hunter; Frank the second kept two, and hunted twice as often. Frank the first brewed fat ale, and drank it; his son bought old port, and drank that. His tailor's bills were double what his father had ever paid, so were his silk mercer's, and his draper's, and his grocer's. There were some things, however, which were not, by the same rule of comparison, doubled. His girth, for instance, as he grew old—so much the better perhaps; and his balance at the Silvertongs bank, that was not doubled, by any means. So much the worse, he thought, and grumbled. In fact, the "good old times" of this sort were passing away.

Frank the third was a farmer also. He had brothers who were farmers, and sisters who were farmers' wives. They were started fairly in the world, but, somehow, they did not get on. Farming had become a losing game, they said; but this did not keep them from following it. They inherited a great contempt for trade and shop-keeping; and, one after another, they failed, went to farming again on a small scale, and failed again. The Silvertongs bank failed too; and with it was swept away the last resort and hope of Frank the second, who soon afterwards died insolvent. Of his sons and sons-in-law, some went to America, and some became day-labourers on the farms they had once held. One obtained a situation as land-

steward, to a large estate, and did pretty well; another became a farm-bailiff and did badly, for he took to drinking. Frank was the only one who stood his ground; and he struggled on till he died.

Frank Layton, the fourth and last, found himself, at twenty-two or three years old, next door to friendlessness and destitution. His father had just contrived to keep his head above water, and when he died Frank's mother and himself had tried to carry on the farm. But they were obliged to give up at last. The mother had one brother, who settled on her an annuity—a small one—and told Frank that for him he could do nothing. He must work.

Frank was willing to work, but not to sink into the rank of day-labourers. And yet he was fit for nothing else. A young farmer without a farm, or means of getting one, has no enviable prospect.

"Why don't you emigrate, Frank? What is to prevent your going to Australia, and getting on there? They say hands are wanted there badly enough. Good rations, high wages, life in the bush not so bad. What do you say, Frank?"

This was said to Frank the day after the sale of live and dead stock, household furniture, and so forth, of the farm which had been through life his only home. His uncle, just mentioned, was the speaker.

"You see," continued he, "there's no use in your hanging about, doing nothing; and as to ever getting to farming again, there's no hope of that. Now in yonder place there are a hundred chances to one that in a few years you will be better off than ever your father was before you, or his father before him."

Frank said he *had* thought about it; and if it were not for leaving his mother—

"Your mother will be taken care of, Frank; and you cannot do her any good by hanging about." ("Hanging about" was a favourite phrase with Frank's uncle). "If I were a young man like you, I wouldn't hesitate a minute."

Frank was longer than this, by some days, in hesitation. "There is one good reason for not taking your advice, uncle," he said, when next they talked about Australia; "I have not the means of paying for a passage, even."

"I'll see about that, Frank. If it comes to that, you might go out as a government emigrant. But perhaps you wouldn't like it; so I'll start you off fair."

Frank still hesitated; but his prospects at home were dark enough. His mother wept a little, but she did not say nay. So Frank Layton at last made up his mind.

"I say, master Frank, is it true what I have heard?" The speaker, this time, was a short, thick-set country man, with a weather-beaten face, unshaven chin, rough black hair, with here and there a grey one, hard brown hands, and a short black pipe in his mouth, which he didn't think it worth while to remove while speaking, except now and then to expectorate. Why should he? he could talk as well with a pipe in his mouth as without it. Better perhaps; it was "more natural like," he said.

"I don't know what you have heard, Simeon"

The man hitched up his nether garment, and whispered confidentially, "About this here emigration, as they call it. Be you gooin'?"

"I rather think I am, Simeon. Why?"

"Well, it strikes me rayther—I think I'll go too."

Simeon Barnes was a good-natured, independent sort of being, who, for thirty years or more, had lived a care-for-nothing sort of life in the neighbourhood, sometimes, however, disappearing for a time, and then returning to his old haunts and his old lodgings. He was honest and industrious, and had at various times worked on the old farm ever since Frank Layton—our Frank—was a boy.

"You go, Simeon! Why do you want to emigrate?"

"What's the use of stopping about here, Master Frank? No good at all. Now, when you get to that ere place, you'll want a hand or two; and then, 'Where's Simeon Barnes?' says you."

"You are under a mistake, Simeon; I am as poor as you are, and poorer perhaps. When I get to Australia I must strap at it, and work my way up as I can by myself. Besides, I thought you were going to be married, and to settle down comfortably with Nelly What's-her-name."

"Oh, that's done and done with. She says she won't have me; so I be clear off there. And the long and short of it is, I don't stop here any longer. What's the use on't?"

"Very well; but I cannot help you."

"I don't want you to, master Frank. Only say that you won't hinder me. Look here, sir"—and Simeon spoke more confidentially than ever—"there's a matter of maybe twenty, or maybe more, golden sovereigns wrapped up in a dirty rag, that I thought of making use on if I had got a respectable start in the married line, you see; but now that's up, I don't see why I shouldn't have my chance as well as you journ. What's sarce for the goose is sarce for the gander, you know, master Frank."

"Um! you think I am a goose then. Well, I don't know. At any rate, I won't hinder you; and perhaps you might do worse for yourself than emigrate. But you had better think it over again, and I'll speak to my uncle about it. It is likely he may be able to get you out without your dipping too deeply into your money-bag."

"Just as you like about that, master Frank; only don't go without me."

One hot summer day in December, two travellers, laden with tightly-packed knapsacks strapped to their shoulders, stout and rough walking-staves, recently cut, in hand, and covered with dust from head to foot, dragged wearily along a beaten track which served as a road into the interior of Victoria. It was getting towards sun-down, and with no small degree of satisfaction they saw ahead of them, at some distance yet, however, a small building, which, from the smoke curling and rising above its roof, was evidently inhabited.

"I suppose, Simeon," said the younger of the two, as he rested on his stick, "that yonder is the tavern we were told of. A good thing we have not missed the road."

"Road, master Frank!" replied the other, with huge disdain—"you said road."

"Well, it is not quite equal to an English turnpike-road, certainly. But what do you think of the prospect?"

"What prospect do you mean, master Frank? ourn, or anybody else's?"

"This," said Frank Layton, pointing to the landscape, and gently waving his hand round him—"this."

The travellers were standing on rising ground; a gentle declivity lay before them, terminating in a broad, irregular valley, stretching right and left as far as the eye could reach. The whole plain was covered with short grass, which, at the distance from which it was seen, appeared smooth and green, though, closer to the eye, it looked scorched and scanty, betraying the effects of considerable drought, and of the hot wind which, blowing from the north, had raised the fine sandy dust by which our travellers had, all day, been greatly incommoded. Clumps of trees, strange in appearance, but majestic in height, were thinly scattered through the valley, and more thickly wooded the distant hills, behind which the sun was setting. A narrow stream, or the bed of a stream, rather, could be traced winding through the plain by a succession of holes from which the water had not entirely evaporated, leaving the course of the river dry and dusty. There was but little appearance of animated, and less of civilized, life to vary the prospect. The building we have mentioned was the only one within the range of sight, and no human being was at first visible to enliven the deep solitude spread before the travellers. Far off, however, a herd of cattle was dimly discernible, straggling widely over the plain; and, even while Frank Layton was looking, a horseman dashed into sight, and seemed to be madly chasing one of the herd, which evinced no disposition to be controlled in its movements. There was life, also, nearer to our travellers. Swarms of flies, of a remarkably sanguinary disposition, were buzzing around them, and the air was filled with the screechings and wild laughter of parrots and other birds, strange both in note and plumage to our recently landed emigrants.

"Fine prospect this," said Frank, pointing to the valley below them.

"The prospect is a fair one enough," said his companion. "Much like the old park at home, in some parts, if it warn't for the queer trees. But are you going to stop looking at it long, if I may be so bold?"

"I am tired, Barnes; we have had a long tramp to-day."

"Twenty miles or more, I reckon, though 'tis only guess-work. Well, I am agreeable to rest; but I'll just light up, master Frank, while you look at the prospect." And throwing his pack upon the ground, Simeon seated himself comfortably on it, took from his pocket a short clay pipe, which, from its colour and fragrance, might possibly have accompanied him through the whole of his voyages and travels, and soon commenced operations.

"Tobacco is cheap in Australia, any how," he said, as he puffed away. "I've no fault to find."

Many a shilling and many a good pound might Simeon have saved in his own country, and many an unprofitable visit to the ale-house might he

have avoided, could he only have mustered resolution to abjure his beloved pipe; but, like many others, he was now the slave of what we must, with our reader's permission, term a very bad habit.

To keep to our story, however; at about the same hour of the same day, and in the tavern of which we have spoken, were three men, seated on rough benches around a broad board resting on barrels, thus forming a convenient enough table. The men were in bush costume, which was stained and frayed with long wear and no gentle drawing-room usage, and the wearers themselves were rough and shaggy; much such, in personal appearance, as, of the genus "tramp," may be met with any summer day in the shady lanes of old England round a ragged tent, reclining at their ease, or carving and shaping butchers' wooden skewers. These bushmen, however, were otherwise employed. A pack of dirty cards engaged their attention; and a broken jug containing whisky, or some similar fiery stimulant, stood in the centre of the board. At the hearth was a woman of middle age, dirty and drabish, busily employed over a frying-pan, in which thick slices of mutton were hissing and spluttering, while on the hearthstone was a pile of damper-cakes, newly baked and smoking. A rough dog of no particular breed was stretched at full length on one side of the hearth, and growled threateningly when the woman, with the impatience said to be natural to the occupation which was then engaging her attention, thrust him aside with her foot, and bade him get out of her way for a lazy beast. The entire aspect of the kitchen was uninviting, or, we should rather say, would have been so to the cultivated taste of highly polished life. There was muddle, and dirt, and rudeness of material. There were no signs of poverty, however, within or around the tavern; and if the two really fine horses which were tied under a shed close by belonged to any two of the card-party within, the masters were, probably, better off in respect of pocket lining than, to the uninitiated, their outward appearance would have indicated.

A few minutes made a trifling alteration in the aspect of affairs. Cards were, for the time, laid aside, and the jug of whisky also, only for the time, was dismissed. Plates were placed on the board, together with the mutton-steaks and dampers, while a large kettle of water, into which handfuls of tea were thrown unsparingly, in Australian fashion, had taken the place of the frying-pan, and soon began to show symptoms of approaching boiling heat. The bushmen, without much ceremony, commenced an attack upon the provisions, and were in the midst of a meal in which ample justice was done to Australian cookery, when our two English friends entered the tavern.

It needed but a glance at the new comers to explain to the experienced eyes of the other party that our travellers were strangers in the land, and were, moreover, way-worn, hungry, and thirsty. Without waste of words, room was soon made for them at the board, plates were put before them, and they were recommended to "set to."

"Newly come to the colony?" was one of the first questions addressed to Frank, who, though

the younger, was evidently the leader and spokesman of the twain.

"Of course—easy to see that," said another of the men, before Frank could reply.

Frank confirmed the conjecture—"We landed at Melbourne not a fortnight since."

"Going far up the country?" was the next question.

"That depends on circumstances. If we succeed, as I hope we may, we should not be far from our destination. Do you happen to know Hunter's Creek, gentlemen?"

"Well, I reckon there's one of us here knows something about it," replied one of the three, who had not before spoken to the travellers. "What do you expect to do at Hunter's Creek, if it is a fair question?"

"We understand that Mr. Bracy—you probably know him, as you are acquainted with the name of his run?"

The bushman nodded, and then added, "If you want employment, you'll get it there. The old man is short of hands—shorter by one pair than he was two days ago, when I left him."

"Meaning your own, I suppose," said Frank.

"Yes; I was one of his shepherds."

In the conversation which followed, the newly arrived emigrants learned that "the old man"—in other words, Mr. Bracy—was the owner of an extensive run, about thirty miles farther back, and the possessor of considerable stock; that he was tolerably liberal in his dealings, and that, in all probability, if Frank and his companion could endure the solitude of bush life, they might manage to make a decent thing of it. Further, they gathered that their informant had lived in Mr. Bracy's service three years, till he was sick and tired of the loneliness and monotony of the employment, which he had, therefore, thrown up, and was on the road to Melbourne, intending to seek a situation there as clerk; or, if he failed in that, he did not know that he should not return to England, which he had never but once been sorry for having quitted, and that was ever since he had set his foot on shore in Australia.

"It has not answered your expectations, then?" inquired Frank, with some degree of natural interest.

"Bother expectations!" exclaimed the young man; for he was young—probably about the age of his interrogator. "I don't know what I expected. All I know is, that I was sick and tired of quill-driving in London, and thought that nothing could be finer than life in the bush, so was fool enough to throw up a good berth, and come over here. But every one to his taste; you may fancy it, perhaps—I don't, that's all."

The meal was by this time finished; and the travellers, having ascertained that they were at liberty to take up their quarters for the night at the tavern—such accommodation as it would afford—took up their hats, and strolled into the open air. Returning some time afterwards, they found the three bushmen settled down at cards, and evidently in the deep excitement of gambling. As evidently, too, the whisky-jug had not been neglected, at any rate by the youngest of the party, Mr. Bracy's ex-shepherd. His face was alternately livid and flushed, his hands were un-

steady, and his voice, when he spoke, fierce, stammering, and husky. His companions were more self-possessed, and were apparently on the winning side. At length, the young man, rising from his seat, declared that he would play no more; and his antagonists, after unsuccessfully inviting our friends to take a turn, threw down their reckoning, and declaring that it was time for them to be off—for they had nearly twenty miles of bush to traverse—uttered a hasty "Good night," and the sound of their horses' feet, rapidly galloping across the valley, was soon lost in the distance. Shortly afterwards the tavern was buried in the mild darkness and profound silence of a summer's night in the wilderness.

Tea, damper, and mutton—mutton, damper, and tea—damper, mutton and tea; vary and ring changes on the phrase as you please, the result is the same. To our emigrants, however, the standing and ever-recurring fare of the colony had, as yet, the charm of novelty, and Simeon Barnes especially was disposed to praise it highly. He reckoned that already, since their arrival at Melbourne, he had swallowed more mutton than had, in old England, passed his lips in any given year; and he was ready to do his share of trencher-work, he said, at the next morning's early breakfast.

Damper and mutton were rapidly disappearing, when their acquaintance of the previous evening, who had also remained at the tavern, and shared in the guest-chamber, made his appearance; and his altered looks did not escape Frank's notice. His countenance, naturally fine and commanding, was overcast with gloom, and bore marks of the dissipation of the past night in inflamed eyes and haggard cheeks; and his morning greeting was given in an unsteady and sullen tone. After calling for "a hair of the dog that had bit him," and tossing down the glass of spirits which, in obedience to his call, was put into his unsteady hand, he sat down silently to the breakfast board, responding only in monosyllables to the attempts which Layton and Barnes made to draw him into conversation.

The unsociable meal was soon over, and our two friends were preparing for their day's march, when the young bushman broke silence—"You are off to Hunter's Creek, then?"

"We are; and I was just on the point of asking you to direct us towards the run," said Frank.

"Hand-posts are scarce in these parts, you see, sir," added Barnes.

"I don't mind walking with you a mile or two on the road," said the stranger.

Layton thanked him warmly, but was unwilling, he said, to take the offered guide out of his own way.

"It is of no consequence," replied the young man; "I shall get to Melbourne soon enough, I dare say. At any rate, I shall have the pleasure of your company for an hour, and you can tell me something about old England. If it had not been for those fellows last night, and their dirty cards, I should be better company for you than I am like to be now; but never mind."

Frank offered no further objection; and, after settling with the host, the party left the tavern, and struck northward across the valley. For some time, the conversation dragged heavily; but, by

degrees, the stranger became communicative, and furnished the two adventurers with some useful information for their guidance. Frank then turned the conversation to the stranger's personal affairs and prospects in Melbourne.

"I don't know that I shall go to Melbourne," he replied, abruptly. "I see you are surprised," he added, "and don't know what to make of me; so I'll just give you a little bit of my history."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT I SAW LAST SUMMER AT ST. PETERSBURG.

A STRANGER sailing up the Neva for Petersburg is greatly disappointed. On his right hand a rather pretty bank rises, displaying here and there a villa or a palace. On his left, a fringe of trees is all that he can see, the land is so low. In the way of shipping, a few barges, some small sea-going craft, and a little steamer occasionally, are what he usually meets on his two hours' passage from Cronstadt to the city of the Tzar. By-the-by, this appellation should be written as I have now written it, and not with a C, as most of us English pen it; while of course it should be pronounced accordingly. This parenthesis came in just as I was about to say that, once round a corner of the river bank, and you find yourself suddenly at the city, with its golden domes and pinnacles, its splendid wharves, its noble-looking palaces, its iron bridge, and its bridges of boats.

Alongside one of these wharves I found myself one hot afternoon last summer. The passport officers detained us about an hour ere they would allow us to land, and all that time we were broiling beneath a burning sun, with ample leisure to look about us, though I fear, in most cases, with very little inclination. Many were far too excited to care about the picturesque, seeing that they were meeting old friends; others were too dull, seeing that all the wide world lay somewhat blankish before them; and others were too hungry, seeing that we had eaten nothing since we breakfasted that morning on board the ship which brought us from Britain. That this last was certainly the condition of some was soon evident, from the fact that a friend ashore, prevented, like all others, from coming any nearer, threw them a bag of biscuits, which disappeared with wonderful rapidity. But an hour soon passed away, and we were then marched, under the charge of three or four superannuated soldiers, from the landing-place to the custom-house. Once fairly within this building, we created and witnessed a scene of confusion which such places only can present. There were many passengers, some with babies at the breast, some with babies at the knee, and some who, though old enough to be called men and women, were, in their then circumstances, as helpless as the youngest among them: In the custom-house nobody could speak English, and among the passengers only one or two could speak Russ; and the latter, being experienced hands, were too busy with luggage mysteries of their own to pay any heed to the sorrows of other people. However, as we were all in a hurry—indeed, when are people not in a hurry at the custom-house?—each felt

called on to speak, insinuate, beg, or insist, that his or her goods and chattels should be examined first. But the difficulty was, where to find them. They had been carried in long before we went; and though nobody doubted that they were in the room, yet as this was very large, and the number of lady passengers considerable, it unavoidably happened that there were a good many great trunks, and a great many small parcels, scattered about, and piled up in a very wonderful manner. You made signs to an official, and darted off for your "things," but before you got back somebody else had secured him. Or it might be that you could not find what you wanted, and were scrambling about the room with a couple of porters at your heels, looking intensely authoritative, and making some one else look very indignant by upsetting his goods in search of your own. One gentleman got fairly addled in the uproar, and wandered about in the most helpless manner; while a few ladies—unprotected, I believe—fairly out of breath from speaking in an unknown tongue, and general excitement, wisely retired to the wall, and resigned themselves to their fate, waiting, apparently, till chance, or the clearance of other people, might leave some one at liberty to help them. It was altogether a scene, once witnessed, never to be forgotten. Where did all these people go to in that mighty Russian empire? And when or where will they meet again? One of them returned with me a few months afterwards, and told me that, since we parted, she had buried her husband.

George the Fourth styled Edinburgh a city of palaces; had he gone to Petersburg, he might have said the same of it, and with at least equal reason. The streets are wide, and the houses fine. Formerly, many of these were built of wood; but the number of such is rapidly decreasing, as no person is allowed to erect a new one of other materials than stone or brick. That this law is just, wise, and humane, cannot be questioned; for not only are wooden houses comparatively unsightly, but they are intrinsically of little value, and, what is more, the source sometimes of great mischief, often causing most destructive fires. Through the prevalence of wooden buildings nearly two-thirds of Quebec have been burnt down within the last ten years; and I myself witnessed, in the city of Montreal, nearly two hundred houses destroyed in one night by fire between the hours of ten and two. The shingles on the roofs of some, and the wooden sides of others, made all this havoc. It thus becomes an act of mercy to prohibit the erection or re-erection of such; and, in doing so, the autocrat has only followed the mode of free America, in whose greater cities and towns, as well as in St. Petersburg, the construction of timber dwellings is greatly discouraged, and in some cases and places strictly prohibited.

As there is no stone near the Neva, save the ice-carried boulders which lie scattered about, most of the houses are of brick; but the people call all these *stone* houses. They are plastered carefully over, and as the designs are usually excellent, they look very well. As they get older they are coloured, and so continue renewing their youth from year to year. The result of this plastering system is, however, that a constant repairing be-

comes necessary, in order to efface the inroads which time and frost conjointly make; and into whatever quarter you go, you find buildings, either in need of repairs, or in the hands of workmen who are busied making them.

The *insides* of these houses have but little air of comfort about them. The stoves of glazed bricks, so well known to most readers, are found in every direction; and while they give out heat for thirty hours after the fire goes down, they neither look comfortable nor ornamental. The floors, moreover, are usually of polished wood, uncarpeted, giving to the entire room an appearance of coldness, newness, and emptiness which to us is any thing but inviting. They are awkward things, besides, over which to lead a lady to dinner; for if your gait be too erect, or your heel be set down too sharply, you are apt to lose your balance, and slide about in a most ungraceful fashion. Some of them are very costly, both because they are made of rare wood, and because great labour and skill are exerted in inlaying them. The palace of Tzarskys Cels, from which Nicholas dated his recent proclamation of war, contains floors which must have cost thousands of pounds. The same may be said of the winter palace in town. So particular are the better class of Russians about their floors, that a large number of men live by waxing them. The most that can be said for them is, that they are cool in summer, and always look clean. Indeed, they are, I believe, the cleanest portion of a Russian house; for the people of the land seem as fond of much dirt as they are of much sleep, and no one who knows them will question their partiality and capacity for the latter enjoyment. But their abodes are just what they like—made for show. I am told that their language contains no word equivalent to our word *home*. They have no *homes*, but live in excitement and publicity, neither possessing, valuing, nor missing domestic comfort. I speak, of course, of the mass.

In walking through Petersburg, one is impressed by the emptiness of its streets. You cannot compare them with those of London or any other beehive in Britain. You go through many, filled entirely or chiefly with hospitals, academies, barracks, and other public offices, many of which seem as dull as if shut up and deserted. The city appears too big for a population of half a million. Every now and then, too, you come on some grand palace belonging to prince or count Somebody; but these piles look, in many cases, as forlorn as dirty windows and impoverished or absent owners can make them. If the great gate should be open, and you look into the centre court, you will probably find it full of stone, wood, and confusion, and void of all living things except a lazy *doornik* or two, who look just like the place. Of course there are others in excellent keeping; but I was much more struck with the pretensions than the consistency of most. What difference winter may make I cannot say, but I speak of what I saw in summer. As for the palace, it is built in the Louis Quatorze style, and is capable of housing, some say 4000, some say 6000 souls. The public and private rooms of the imperial family are magnificent,—some of the former almost beyond conception grand. The collection of paintings is imperial, that of jewels no less so, and the *cameos* and

intaglios can scarcely be counted for number, and cannot be surpassed for value or beauty. But even within these princely walls tidiness has a battle for existence; for although the apartments of the great are all that can be desired, I am told that the kitchens should not be visited before dinner, if visited at all.

With only grand buildings ever before your eyes, you are led to ask, Where do the poor live? There are immense numbers of men and women in the city, who are among the most abject of creatures. Where then do such burrow, and hide their poverty and filth? They do so out of sight somewhere, and yet are in the city. I believe many of these *moujiks* live behind the great mansions, in the spaces which lie between one grand street and another. But their dwellings must not be seen; and Petersburg is so contrived, that the stranger requires to be bolder than I was if he seek them out. The city of the Tzar is indeed a city of palaces; but it is meant only to be looked at from one side—the front. Let no man go behind the ornate façade. This was never intended, and will not do. In this respect it is but a type of the whole empire, which is no better than a rough and rotting plank, whose ugliness and defects are hid by the thick varnish with which it is smeared. Russia and its capital put on as imposing an appearance, and hide as much weakness and misery, as any country or city of the world.

Moscow and Kief are holy cities. In the former there are nobody knows how many churches; and though Petersburg cannot vie in this respect with the ancient metropolis, it can show quite as many such buildings as there is any need for. With few exceptions, they are built in the Byzantine style, and are an odd but sometimes beautiful compound of Greek pillars, irregular towers, and gilt or painted domes. Inside, all is painting, gilding, plating, and pictures. These pictures are of course worshipped, although the dignitaries prohibit *images* of every kind in sacred edifices, and take great credit to themselves for so doing. But what matter? Doubtless the Greek church, like the Roman, prohibits in form the adoration of any thing or being but God only; and yet any one knows that the deluded souls within her pale do and must worship the pictures set before them. Representations of her saints, the virgin mother, and our Lord, are hung up in the sight of the people, and the people bow before them, and lay their foreheads in the dust, worshipping the creature of man rather than the Creator of all, because wholly unable to understand why they should bow to that which is not sacred, and why, if the thing bowed to be sacred, it should not be adored. Only look at the pavement, covered with prostrate men and women, and say, are these not worshipping the things in presence of which they are abased? If they be not, what or whom are they thinking of and worshipping? Only look at the costly gems, or votive offerings, with which these daubs are adorned, and say, did not the giver adore the figure on which he hung them as much as any other man adores the idol which he decorates? Just reflect on the profound ignorance of the people, and say, is it possible that, in these circumstances, they can do anything else? Every onlooker must see that they do worship them. The

question lies beyond argument, and may be decided by the evidence of the senses. Superstition occupies the place of religion; and I am sorry to add that morality, or the practice of it at any rate, forms no part of the superstition of a Russian. Licentiousness too often characterizes the higher classes, knavery the shopkeepers, and drunkenness the common people.

As the views of Russia all centre in Nicholas, I must say a word or two about him; but it cannot be much in a paper like this. The emperor was fifty-seven years old on his last birthday. I saw him a good many times during the summer: saw him in church, saw him at a grand review of ninety thousand fine troops, saw him with his wife, saw him driving alone, saw him also driving members of his family. He is, or rather has been, very handsome, with a splendid figure and a perfect profile. But he begins now to age a little, and is getting, like most elderly gentlemen, stout. His face and form, like other people's, are good indices of his character. The former is that of a man with a penetrating intellect and an indomitable will. You note him, tall, broad in proportion, and still erect, the steady stride with which he passes on, the calm, cold, searching look he gives you as he passes, and you are satisfied that he possesses all the elements of character which usually meet in one born and fitted to wield a sceptre over an implicitly submissive people. When once well seen, he can never be forgotten. He is just the kind of man to make nations tremble. But, stern as he is before the world, stern as he is to his nobles, stern as he is in the politics of Europe, he can unbend like smaller men, can make a timid girl feel at ease, and can toy with an infant. Then he can do, and does, kind things, which tend to endear him to his own family and the poor. I am indeed no admirer of the Tzar; but in his character, as well as in that of many more, there are two sides which should be looked at: that which is presented to the world, and that which is seen by his friends. To do him justice, we must look at both. As an emperor, we must judge him by his public acts. To get a full portrait of the *man*, we must look at the private life of Nicholas Romanoff; and although in some respects he is very faulty, there are others in which he will bear scrutiny well.

While I remained, many rumours were afloat respecting the then impending Turkish war, and people felt uneasy. The war, should it unfortunately extend to active hostilities on our part, will cause much misery to many of our countrymen in Russia. It will do more; it will probably suspend the labours of some truly excellent people who have long disseminated religious tracts, printed in the vulgar tongue. And, if it have this effect, it will probably also break up a most efficient and valuable branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which has done no little to circulate God's word in a long benighted land.

I left Russia, sorry to part with some of the kindest friends I ever had, but glad to reach Britain once more; for, after all, I have seen no land like it.

Our life is a passage to eternity; it ought, therefore, to be a preparation for eternity.



THE LOST MARINERS IN THE POLAR SEAS.

[FIRST PAPER.]

THE mournful conviction is now all but universal, if not entirely so, that Franklin's missing expedition is hopelessly lost; and after the searches made in vain to find a clue to its fate, it is extremely uncertain if we shall ever know the particular nature of the catastrophe, which may be presumed to have cut off one of the most gallant band of seamen ever mustered by a maritime nation. Upwards of eight years and a half have elapsed since the ships sailed, and the same period, within two months, since they were last actually seen, while about seven years and a half have rolled away since the date of the few traces of them that have been discovered. It is natural to cherish hope, but it must be sorrowfully acknowledged that this fearful interval lays a solid foundation for its final abandonment. Different opinions are advanced by eminent polar navigators respecting the fatal event; but it is needless to theorise, so multitudinous are the perils which beset the arctic voyager. We propose simply to devote a few pages to a memorial of the crews, and their undertaking. They were our own countrymen. Alas, that we should write in the past tense! They nobly went out in the public service to brave danger and death in attempting an

object which the authorities of the kingdom deemed legitimate and praiseworthy. They were picked men, and included in their number some of the choicest spirits in the navy. They are entitled, therefore, to a parting memorial. Most rejoicingly will it be recalled in case any of the lost ones survive and are restored to the fellowship of life. Even the bare list of their names deserves a record.

I. THE COMMANDER AND THE CREWS.

HERBES.		TERROR.	
Screw Discovery Ship, 30-Horse-Power.		Screw Discovery Ship, 30-Horse-Power.	
Captain . .	Sir J. Franklin.	Captain . .	F. R. M. Crozier.
Commander .	Jas. Fitzjames (Capt.)	Lieutenant .	Edward Little (Com.)
Lieutenant .	Graham Gore (Com.)	— . .	G. H. Hodgson.
— . .	H. J. D. Le Vescomte.	— . .	John Irving.
— . .	J. W. Fairholme.	Ice Master .	Thos. Blenky
Ice Master .	James Reid.	Surgeon . .	J. S. Peddie.
Surgeon . .	S. S. Stanley.	Mate . .	F. J. Hornby (Lieut.)
Pay. & Purv.	C. H. Osmer.	— . .	Robt. Thomas (Lieut.)
Mate . .	R. O. Sargent (Lieut.)	Assist.-Surg.	Alex. Macdonald.
— . .	C. F. Des Vaux (Lieut.)	2nd Master .	G. A. Masbean.
— . .	Edward Couch (Lieut.)	Clerk . .	E. I. H. Helpman.
Assist.-Surg.	H. D. S. Goodsir.	57 Petty Officers, Seamen, and Marines.	
2nd Master .	H. F. Collins.		
68 Petty Officers, Seamen, and Marines.			

The total is one hundred and thirty-nine; the commander, a veteran; the officers, in the prime of life, several of them young and accomplished, all enthusiastically devoted to the service; and the seamen were hearty, athletic fellows, mostly north-countrymen, with a few who had served in ships of war. The vessels "Erebus" and "Terror" had been with sir James Ross to the antarctic regions in 1839-43, where their names were given to two remarkable volcanic mountains, never before seen by human eyes, one extinct, the other, Mount Erebus, flaring and smoking in the midst of perpetual ice and snow.

Franklin was born at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, in 1786. He entered the navy as a boy at the commencement of the century, and served as midshipman in the action off Copenhagen, April 2, 1801. He then sailed with captain Flinders, likewise a Lincolnshire man, on a voyage of discovery to Australia; and was perhaps the most youthful member of the party wrecked with him on a coral rock, in 1803, when the forlorn crew remained for seven long weeks on a mere patch of sand till rescue came, exhibiting the utmost order, intelligence, and coolness, with the wild ocean dashing its billows to their feet. On his passage home in the "Camden," East Indiaman, young Franklin had charge of the signals, and distinguished himself at the repulse of a powerful French squadron under admiral Lenois, February 15, 1804. Subsequently joining the "Bellerophon," he took part in the battle of Trafalgar; became a lieutenant of the "Bedford" in 1808, accompanying the escort of the royal family of Portugal from Lisbon to the Brazils; was employed at the blockade of Flushing, and in the ill-fated expedition to New Orleans in 1814. His career as an arctic adventurer commenced in the year 1818, when he commanded the brig "Trent," and attended in it captain Buchan on a perilous voyage of discovery to the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen. On his last expedition, soon after passing the Orkneys, he read to the officers of the "Erebus" part of the instructions he had issued to those of the "Trent," desiring them to note everything from a flea to a whale, urging zealous co-operation, and expressing his anxiety to do full justice to the exertions of each.

In the year 1819, Franklin was appointed to proceed overland from Hudson's Bay, to ascertain the course of the Coppermine river, and the exact trending of the shores of the polar seas to the eastward of it. This undertaking extended over three years, and involved a journey of 5500 miles, in the course of which the most terrible perils and hardships were endured, an account of which he drew up in an able "Narrative." In 1825 he was again despatched to co-operate by land with Beechy and Parry, who were sent to ascertain by sea the existence of a north-west passage. On his return he was presented by the Geographical Society of Paris with a gold medal, and received at home the honour of knighthood, with the Oxford degree of a D.C.L. During the troubles in Greece, sir John Franklin served on the Mediterranean station and went out in 1836 to Tasmania, as governor of that island, holding the post till the summer of 1843. In this interval he was in collision with lord Stanley; and one of his last acts before finally leaving England was to correct the

proof-sheets of a vindication of his government. It deserves notice that, during his governorship, he erected a monument to the memory of his old commander, captain Flinders, on Stamford-hill, in South Australia; and welcomed sir James Ross with much hospitality, who arrived at Hobart Town in the "Erebus" and "Terror," the very ships in which he was himself soon to sail, and the very commander who was one of the first despatched in quest of him! He founded the Tasmanian Society for the promotion of natural science, agriculture, and statistics. Earnestly desiring also to extend the blessings of a sound religious education in the colony, the services of the Rev. J. P. Gell, from England, were secured, on the recommendation of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, to organise a collegiate institution. Though this design was frustrated at the time, sir John advanced 500*l.* towards it, while Lady Franklin, on leaving the island, made over four hundred acres of land she had purchased for the benefit of any such institution that might be founded. Mr. Gell married Miss Franklin, an only child.

At the period when his last voyage commenced, and he was severed abruptly from the knowledge of mankind, Franklin was advancing towards his sixtieth year. But he had not lost one jot or tittle of the ardour and energy which distinguished him in earlier years. In a speech at Lynn, October 26, 1853, sir Edward Parry remarked upon the zeal, the almost youthful enthusiasm, with which he entered upon the expedition. "Lord Haddington," he observed, "who was then first Lord of the Admiralty, sent for me, and said, 'I see, by looking at the list, that Franklin is sixty years old. Do you think we ought to let him go?' I replied, 'He is a fitter man to go than any I know, and if you don't let him go, the man will die of disappointment.'" The same distinguished individual stated, on the same occasion, "In the whole course of my experience I have never known a man like Franklin. I do not say it because he is dead, upon the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but I never knew a man in whom different qualities were so remarkably combined. In my dear friend, with all the tenderness of heart of a simple child, there was all the greatness and magnanimity of a hero." The testimony of all his acquaintance and officers is similar. One of the latter wrote home on the voyage as follows:—"Sir John is delightful, active, energetic, and evidently even now persevering. What he has been we all know. I think it will turn out that he is nowise altered. He is full of conversation and interesting anecdotes of his former voyages. I would not lose him for the command of the expedition, for I have a real regard—I may say, affection—for him, and I believe this is felt by all of us. I have not seen much of Crozier yet, but what I have seen I like; and I think he is just made for a second to sir John. In our mess we are all very happy; we have a most agreeable set of men, and I could suggest no change, except that I wish you were with us."

It is a relieving consideration that Franklin was a thoughtful and devout man. He had been taught by as many perils as ever fell to the lot of an individual his entire dependence upon the God of providence. The lesson was not thrown away.

Not in the spirit of self-confidence, but humbly relying upon the merciful care of the Almighty, did he go forth to wrestle with the storms, snows, ices, and rigours of the North. "I like," says the private letter of an officer, a few days after sailing with him, "a man who is in earnest. Sir John Franklin read the church-service to-day, and a sermon, so very beautifully, that I defy any man not to feel the force of what he would convey. The first Sunday he read was a day or two before we sailed, when lady Franklin, his daughter, and niece attended. Every one was struck with his extreme earnestness of manner, evidently proceeding from real conviction." When, then, we ask with the poet concerning the adventurer, and are left to infer his fate from the dark mystery which shrouds it, we may accept of the consolation which the writer offers:—

"Where is he? where? Silence and darkness dwell
About him, as a soul cut off from men.
Shall we behold him yet a citizen
Of mortal life? Will he return to tell
(Prisoner from Winter's very citadel
Broken forth) what he before has told again,
How to the hearts and hands of resolute men,
God aiding, nothing is impossible?
Alas! the enclosure of the stormy wave
Is strong, and dark the depths of polar night;
Yet One there is omnipotent to save;
And this we know, if comfort still we crave,
Into that dark he took with him a light—
The lamp that can illumine the grave."

All honour, therefore, to the memory of sir John Franklin!

A brief space may be devoted to the subordinates of the expedition.

Captain Fitzjames, the next officer on board the "Erebus" in rank to sir John, a comparatively young man, distinguished himself in the survey of the Euphrates, under colonel Chesney, served in Syria, was severely wounded during the war in China, and thus departed to strongly-contrasted scenery and climate on sailing for the arctic circle. It was his first advance to the great zone of cold. He was specially commissioned to take charge of the magnetic observations. To him we are indebted for a few journalizing letters, limited to about the first six weeks of the voyage, addressed to a lady fair. They are written in an excellent spirit, and contain lively sketches of his companions. "I wish," he observes to his correspondent, "I could convey to you a just idea of the immense stock of good feeling, good humour, and real kindness of heart in our small mess. We are very happy, and very fond of sir John Franklin, who improves very much as we come to know more of him." The captain omits description of his own *personale* and characteristics as needless, being better known to the lady than to himself. Graham Gore, the first-lieutenant, is noted as "a man of great stability of character, a very good officer, plays the flute dreadfully well, has the sweetest of tempers, and is altogether a capital fellow." He served as a mate in the fearful voyage of the "Terror" in 1836, under sir George Back, to the north of Hudson's Bay, and was also with sir James Ross in the antarctic expedition. Vescotte, second-lieutenant, "improves, if possible, on closer acquaintance; sir John is much pleased with him." Fairholme, third-lieutenant, "is a smart, agreeable companion, and a well informed man." He was in the expedition to the Niger.

Second-master Collins is pronounced the very essence of good nature, and purser Osmer delightful. The latter was no stranger to high latitudes, having accompanied captain Beechey in the "Blossom" to Behring's Strait, afterwards serving on the lakes of Canada. Though somewhat advanced in years, he was one of the most light-hearted of the party. Stanley, the surgeon, who had followed his vocation in China, on board the "Cornwallis," is hit off as thoroughly obliging, with "very white hands, which are always abominably clean, and the shirt sleeves tucked up, giving one unpleasant ideas that he would not mind cutting one's leg off immediately—'if not sooner.'" Assistant-surgeon Goodsir, a Scot, about twenty-eight years of age, formerly curator of the Edinburgh museum, "laughs delightfully, cannot be in a passion, is enthusiastic about all 'ologies, draws the insides of microscopic animals with an imaginary-pointed pencil, catches phenomena in a bucket, looks at the thermometer and every other meter." The ex-curator's ecstasies are more than once referred to, on examining mollusca in a microscope, and a bagful of blubber-like stuff, hauled up in a net, consisting of medusæ and other oceanic animalcules. He contributed several papers to the scientific journals, one of which, on "the Mode of Reproduction of Lost Parts in the Crustacea," appeared in the year of his departure from us. Sargent, the first-mate, "is a nice, pleasant-looking lad, very good-natured." Des Vaux, second-mate, previously known as a mere boy in China, "most unexceptionable, clever, agreeable, and obliging;" and Couch, third-mate, "a little, black-haired, smooth-faced fellow, writes, reads, works, draws, all quietly, is never in the way of anybody, and always ready when wanted." These are pleasant notices of the parties in question, strongly interesting our feelings in their fate.

But of all on board the "Erebus," the most original character was Reid, the ice-master. He was a native of Aberdeen, had been a Greenland whaler, and spoke with a broad north-country accent. He was rough but not vulgar, unpolished yet intelligent, and greatly amused his comrades with quaint descriptions of his adventures. Captain Fitzjames was plain mister Jems in his vocabulary; and Huskimsay denominated the Esquimaux. "Why, mister Jems," said he to his journalizing superior, scratching his head, "you never seem to me to sleep at arl; you are always writin." The steward had the benefit of his instructions in boiling very salt fish, so as to get the "sarlt out," which process lay in keeping it just near, but not at the boiling point. On entering the ice, Reid's post would of course be in the "crow's nest" at the masthead, in order to look out for channels through the floes and fields. As for mere icebergs floating on the ocean, with open water between them, they excited little concern in his mind. To an arctic novice he was quite an oracle, and responded to a query respecting the weather and Cape Farewell, the south point of Greenland, "Ah! now, mister Jems, we'll be having the weather fine, sir! fine! No ice at arl about it, sir, unless it be the bergs—arl the ice 'll be gone, sir, only the bergs, which I like to see. Let it come on to blow, look out for a big 'un, get under his lee, and hold on to him fast, sir,

fast. If he drifts near the land, why he grounds afore you do." The idea must have been somewhat racy to the uninitiated querist, of the ice being all gone, only the bergs! Among the common seamen there were two Orkney-men, one of whom, an old man, had not seen his wife for four years, while the other had not seen his mother for seventeen years. On reaching the Orkneys, these men were allowed to go on shore to meet their relatives, with others for provisions. All returned at the time appointed. But finding that the ships were not going to sea till the following morning, the old man and three others took a small boat that lay alongside, and went on shore again without leave. Their absence being soon discovered, a party was sent after them, and they were brought on board in the night. This breach of discipline rendered them liable to severe punishment. But captain Fitzjames, firmly believing that they would all have come back, remitted the penalty, especially considering that there would be no chance of the offence being repeated till the ships reached Valparaiso, or the Sandwich islands! Alas for human calculations!

Scanty room has been left to notice the inmates of the companion vessel. A remark or two must suffice. Captain Crozier, in charge of the "Terror," was an officer of great experience in navigating the icy ocean. He was with sir E. Parry in three of his expeditions, as midshipman in the "Fury" in 1821, and in the "Hecla" in 1824; lieutenant in the "Hecla" in 1827, in the celebrated boat expedition to the pole; and with Ross as second in command, on his voyage to the antarctic zone. Blenky, the ice-master, was previously out with sir John Ross in the "Victory," during his four years' imprisonment in high latitudes, when given up for lost by his countrymen. Assistant-surgeon Macdonald's name, written on a scrap of paper, probably the fragment of a letter, is the only relic capable of personal identification that has ever been found of either of the crews.

II. THE VOYAGE TO THE ICE.

We will now accompany the expedition during the brief period of its known course. It left Sheerness on the 26th of May, 1845, and at noon, on the 4th of June, while off the island of Rona, a western outlier of the Orkneys, the attendant steamers, "Rattler" and "Blazer," parted company with the discovery ships. They ranged successively alongside each of them as closely as possible without touching; and prolonged cheers were exchanged by officers and men. In an hour or two the steamers were out of sight, on their way homeward; and the rocky Rona, the sea, and sea-gulls were alone in view. "Now we are off at last," was the thought of every mind, but no lingering look was cast behind. Lady Franklin's health was duly honoured at the table of her husband; and it being his daughter's birthday, she received the same compliment. June 11th and 12th, the vessels were off the south of Iceland, with the sea exhibiting the most perfect transparency, of a beautiful, delicate, cold-looking green, or ultramarine. June 15th, "Waterloo-day," the duke's health was drank at sir John's table. On the evening of the 17th a bright light was observed on the horizon to the north-east, looking

like a large town on fire twenty miles off. Reid affirmed it to be "ice-blink." Gore pronounced it the aurora borealis. Fitzjames declared in favour of a reflection of sunset. Sunday, the 22nd, the church service was struggled through on the lower deck, the ships rolling and tumbling, owing to a strong gale. Soon afterwards, Davis's Strait was fairly entered, and a sensible decrease of temperature was perceived. A monkey taken out was furnished by the sailors with a blanket, frock, and trowsers. Icebergs were seen, and the west coast of Greenland sighted, looking rugged, but sparkling with snow, the ravines and shadows appearing as deep black marks upon it. Reid began now to speak of soon seeing the Huskimaes. On the evening of the 30th, at six o'clock, the expedition crossed the arctic circle; but it was too cloudy to see the sun at midnight, just skirting the horizon. The night of July 1st was fine, clear, and sunshiny; splendid icebergs appeared in great numbers, and occasionally interrupted the solemn silence by toppling over with a report like thunder. The Danish settlement of Disco, on the west coast of Greenland, was now made, and the Whale Fish islands in its bay, where the ships remained for a few days.

From this place, on the 9th, Franklin addressed a letter to Col. Sabine, stating that the ships had on board provisions, fuel, clothing, and stores, complete for three years from that date. They took out, of fresh provisions supplied by the admiralty—preserved meat in tins, 32,018lb.; soup, 17,416 pints; gravy, 2176 pints; vegetables, 8076lbs.; potatoes, 2632lbs., besides the usual naval rations of salt provisions for three years. He concluded as follows:—"I hope my dear wife and daughter will not be over-anxious if we should not return by the time they have fixed upon; and I must beg of you to give them the benefit of your advice and experience when that arrives; for you know well that even after the second winter, without success in our object, we should wish to try some other channel, if the state of our provisions, and the health of the crews, justify it."

On the night of the 11th, Fitzjames wrote his last paragraph to England:—"It is now eleven o'clock, and the sun shines brightly over the snowy peaks of Disco. From the top of one of the islands, the other day, I counted 280 icebergs, and beautiful objects they are. Should you hear nothing till next June, send a letter, *via* Petersburg, to Petro Paulouski, in Kamschatka, where Osmer was in the 'Blossom,' and had letters from England in three months. And now God bless you, and everything belonging to you." Poor Fitzjames! The letter was no doubt despatched at the appointed time, and found its way safely through the dreary wilds of Siberia, but only to be uncalled for, and perhaps ultimately used up as a worthless document.

On the 12th, ice-master Blenky communicated to his wife as follows:—"The season is a very open one, much as when we came out with captain Ross. We are all in good health and spirits, one and all appearing to be of the same determination, that is, to persevere in making a passage to the north-west. Should we not be at home in the fall of 1848, or early in the spring of 1849, you may anticipate that we have made the passage, or are likely to do so; and if so, it may be from five to six years—it might be into the seventh—ere we return; and

should it be so, do not allow any person to dishearten you on the length of our absence, but look forward with hope that Providence will at length restore us safely to you." Franklin's last despatch to the admiralty is from the same spot, and of this date, in which he stated:—"I hope to be able to sail in the night. It is unnecessary for me to assure their lordships of the energy and zeal of captain Crozier, commander Fitzjames, and of the officers and men with whom I have the happiness of being employed on this service."

The ships were spoken on the 22nd by captain Martin, of Peterhead, in the "Enterprise," a whaler, in lat. 75° 10', long. 66°, calm weather. They were alongside his vessel for about fifteen minutes, during which time he conversed with Franklin and ice-master Reid. Four days later, the 26th, they were seen by captain Dannett, of the "Prince of Wales" whaler, moored to an iceberg, waiting an opening in the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, to cross through it to Lancaster Sound. The veil then dropped over the hapless "Erebus" and "Terror;" and what has become of them, after more than eight long years—whether hopelessly frozen up in a locality precluding the escape of the crews, or suddenly crushed in unequal conflict with overwhelming masses of gigantic ice—is a perfect mystery, though reasonable conjecture unhappily supplies the place of facts, and leads us to a mournful conclusion.

"CROWNER'S QUEST."

It was on a bitter, cold day in the depth of winter, that I was compelled to make one of a jury assembled to hold an inquest on the body of a man recently and suddenly deceased. The place allotted for the purpose was an upper room in a public-house adjacent to my own residence, whither, at the appointed hour, I repaired, though I must confess with considerable reluctance. The wind blew raw and keen, penetrating to the very bones; a slight, very slight thaw had commenced, just enough to make the snow beneath one's feet sloppy and insinuating, and suggestive of influenza and rheumatism. On entering the room I found some ten or twelve individuals of the respectable class seated on the polished wooden chairs of the place; not round the fire, which, newly lighted for the occasion, and smoking furiously, as if angry at being called to take a part in such a serious business, invited no such intimacy, but each "sullenly apart," muffled and buttoned to the chin, and evidently desirous of dismissal. In the centre of the room stood a small table and an arm-chair, reserved for the coroner, who had not yet arrived; a wine-glass full of ink, and a single pen new from the stationer's, completed the scanty preparation. In the corner of the room farthest from the fire sat a pale, melancholy child of ten or twelve years of age, and an elderly person whom I took to be her mother; both were of the poorer class.

The coroner not arriving at the time specified, considerable dissatisfaction became apparent upon the silent visages of my companions, and very likely upon my own as well. Here, however, we sat and shivered for a full hour in comfortless speechlessness, strangers, as far as I could judge, to each other, and having, with one exception,

apparently, a general determination to remain so. The individual furnishing the exception was perhaps of a lower grade than the rest, and was, besides, constitutionally unfitted altogether for the business in hand. While the rest sat still and motionless as sphinxes, he twisted, wriggled, and turned upon his seat, rubbed his hands and smiled with a cordiality which ought to have been catching, though it was not. All his attempts at conversation, and they were many, met with a freezing and unqualified rebuff; and at length, giving it up as a bad job, he turned his attention to the fire, and I really felt grateful when, by a little judicious poking, he succeeded in eliciting a cheerful aspect from that, the only face in the room in accord with his own. Encouraged by this success, he actually produced a snuff-box from his pocket, and, giving it a good-natured tap on the lid, offered it politely to his neighbour, who, however, would not share in the stimulant, but left him to enjoy it alone, and to waste the sunshine of his countenance upon the unresponding company.

How slowly that long hour crawled away, and how I regretted that my pockets were void of books or anything readable! There was one old gentleman behind a pair of goggle spectacles, deliberately spelling through a greasy, beer-stained portion of a weekly paper—even him I envied. At length the rattle of wheels was heard below, and, amidst a general movement and upstanding, the coroner entered the room. My friend with the snuff-box sobered his merry face, took a parting pinch, and addressed himself to the serious business of the hour.

The coroner, a gentlemanly person of fine face and figure, and good address, proceeded immediately to apologise politely for the delay he had unwittingly occasioned us, arising, as he said, from an unexpected mass of evidence to be gone into in another case in which he had been engaged that morning. I could not help thinking that he appeared to be well used to making apologies, and to having them well received. This done, and the requisite *twelve* being ascertained to be present, he proceeded to administer the oath usual on such occasions. This ceremony was got through summarily, the elderly gentleman who had monopolized the newspaper being first sworn as foreman. Six of the others, each placing a finger on the gospels, were sworn in at a batch; the same as to the remainder, and the business was concluded in less than two minutes.

The next step was to inspect the body of the deceased, previous to hearing what evidence might have to be adduced. For this purpose we followed our foreman over the melting snow and mingled mud, through a long labyrinth of narrow and half-paved back-streets, to the house, or rather hut, where lay the object of our inquiry. It was during this transit that I for the first time heard any of the circumstances attending the death we were called to investigate. It appeared that the deceased was a labouring man, who had returned from his employment unexpectedly in the middle of the day, complaining of indisposition; he had gone to bed, and died in a few hours, without having recourse to medical assistance.

We entered the lowly dwelling, and there, in a small front room on the ground-floor, hardly nine

feet square, on a bed that filled half the space, lay (surrounded by a family of small children), as if in a quiet sleep, the remains of one of the sons of toil and privation. He looked old, but not dead; three-score and ten upon the point of waking—such he seemed to me. I was deceived, however, somewhat in regard to his age.

When, in separate detachments—for the room was too small to hold us all at once—we had duly contemplated this sad sight, we returned shivering to the inn-room, where we found the coroner, who had not been idle during our absence, engaged in questioning the child I have before referred to. When we were all seated, he read over the evidence he had elicited in the interval; and, first putting a few simple questions to the child as to the nature of an oath, which she answered satisfactorily, he swore her to the truth of what she had already said, and was about to say in reply to any questions asked.

The case, as the coroner observed, was the simplest that could possibly occur. From the replies of the child, we learned the following facts, exemplifying, I have no doubt, the history of multitudes of the countless army of workers for daily bread, except in the extreme suddenness of the death, which made the circumstance legally amenable to investigation under a coroner's warrant. The deceased had been employed for many years by a manufacturer in the city, and was highly respected for his sobriety and industry. On the Wednesday before the inquest, which was held on a Monday, he had come home unexpectedly at two in the afternoon, complaining of great difficulty in breathing, and, requesting his wife to make him some tea, had gone to bed. Having drank a little, he said he wished very much for a quiet sleep, and desired his wife not to let the children make a noise. The deponent, the eldest but one of the children, of which there were eight, alone remained with the mother at his bedside. The mother requested him to "have the doctor," but he refused to do so, and leaning back on his pillow, as though very, very weary, fell asleep. He remained silent for about an hour, and then commenced breathing heavily (the child described it as "snoring in his breast"). After some time he was again silent; when his wife, observing that his head lay very low in the bed, rose to place a pillow beneath it, and was horror-struck at finding him cold and stiffening. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but all too late; he had been dead nearly an hour. The stertorous breathing was the sole evidence of his last agony. He was sixty-three years of age; his wife, who was five-and-twenty years younger, was on the point of giving birth to a ninth child, and could not attend the inquest. The elderly female I had taken for the mother of the child, was a kind and simple-hearted neighbour, whose evidence merely corroborated that of the child, and gave proof of her own genuine feeling and tender sympathy.

The witnesses being desired to withdraw, we proceeded to deliberate upon the verdict. It was not considered necessary to have a *post-mortem* examination. The coroner, an approved medical practitioner himself, assured us there was nothing suspicious or even unusual in the case. The poor man had doubtless died of disease of the heart, or

of apoplexy—a dissection might decide which. But of what use or import was it to know? The immediate cause of his death might perhaps be found in the extreme exposure to cold to which he had subjected himself on the morning of his decease; it having come out in evidence that he had mistaken the hour, and rose at half-past three o'clock in the morning, instead of six, in his anxiety to be early at work during a press of business. Not thinking it worth while to go to bed again for so short a time, he had sat without fire for more than a couple of hours before proceeding to his employment.

We could do nothing better than adopt the suggestion of the coroner, and agree to the verdict of "Death from natural causes," which was accordingly done.

It was surprising how suddenly the face of things now changed. Everybody rose and buttoned up his great-coat, and donned his gloves, and bared the right hand again to sign the document, half printed, half written, containing the verdict, and then departed without ceremony; so hastily, indeed, that I saw more than one return for walking-sticks or umbrellas forgotten in their anxiety to be off. It was curious to see the different modes of handling the pen; some, delighting in their dashing autograph and flourish, made signatures audible at twenty yards distance; others, with careful deliberation, in a manner printed their names, legible for centuries. One slim, Adonis-like figure, whom I took for an artist, wrote the finest Italian hand with a pen which he produced from a gold "Mordan;" his performance, however, was immediately buried under the signature of an old stager, who, having less perfect vision, inscribed, with the gaping quill of the party, his own blotty patronymic immediately upon it. Next came our friend of poker and snuff-box celebrity. He was the last excepting myself, and twice he signalled me to precede him; but I was inexorable, and determined to inspect his calligraphy, cost what it would. Still he dallied, and looked woefully round him. It was plain he had not calculated upon this, and it was not till the coroner lifted his head to remind him of his duty, that, in desperation he seized the pen—could it possibly be for the first time in his life? I am afraid so. There it stood upright between the fingers of his clenched fist, dripping with ink (he had thrust it to the bottom of the wine-glass), and distilling drops more durable than precious. After many futile attempts to settle upon the right spot he at length succeeded in the perpetration of a series of hieroglyphics that might have defied Champollion.

Having appended my own humble signature, I retreated to the corner I had hitherto occupied in search of hat and gloves. The little child who gave all the evidence we had heard was sitting by the window, and now sobbing violently, as if for the first time aware of the extent of her loss. The kind-hearted neighbour held one of her hands, and tried in vain to soothe and comfort her. After an equally vain attempt on my own part, I turned to withdraw, and found that the coroner had taken his flight with a precipitancy which I could only account for on the supposition of another sudden death—or a dinner. In his chair sat a stalwart drover, who rang the bell violently, and vociferated, as I descended the stairs, "Come, Betsy! serve up the steaks, and bring a pint of stout!"

HISTORY OF THE GUILLOTINE.

IN a former number of our journal we gave, from Mr. Simpson's narrative of a visit to Paris in 1815, a description of his discovery of the obscure haunt of this terrible engine of revolutionary crime. From occupying some of the most conspicuous positions in aristocratic quarters of Paris, it had hidden its ghastly head in an outhouse in an out-of-the-way part of the city, where, much to the surprise and amusement of the neighbours, the eager Englishman, by elevating himself upon an empty cask, obtained a view of it through an aperture at the top of the door. Within the past few weeks an interesting though somewhat painful history of this celebrated instrument of capital punishment has appeared, from the able pen of the right honourable J. W. Croker, from the pages of which we propose to glean a few facts upon a subject invested with such tragical associations.

The popular impression that the guillotine which played such a fearful part in the slaughterings of the French revolution was the first engine of its kind, is quite false; and it is surprising how, in the face of facts certainly well known to historians, such an error should ever have become so generally diffused. In a visit which we once paid to the city of Aberdeen we were favoured with a sight of the relics of a similar instrument of decapitation, known as the *maiden*, and which had undoubtedly performed sanguinary service in the stormier days of Scottish history. Several years ago, too, we remember having examined, with some excitement of feeling, a machine of the same construction and name, now in the collection of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries at Edinburgh. In 1774 Mr. Pennant, when publishing an account of his tour in that year, states that he saw this identical *maiden* in a room under the parliament house at the Scottish capital, and he ascribes its fabrication to the regent Morton, who copied it from a model which he met with in passing through Halifax. Little did that Scottish nobleman think that his own head was to fall beneath its trenchant blade! Thirty years earlier than the publication of Pennant's work, the execution of the Scotch lords for the rebellion of 1745, by the axe and the block, seems to have recalled the forgotten *maiden* to notice; for in the "London Magazine" of April, 1747, a pictorial representation of it is given. The last victims of this death-engine were the marquiss of Argyle, in 1661, and his son, the earl, in 1685—the latter quaintly enough declaring, as he pressed his lips on the block, that it was the sweetest *maiden* he had ever kissed.

Antiquated and obsolete, however, as were these instruments of decollation at the period of the reign of terror, the annals of England furnish a still more ancient specimen in the *Halifax gibbet*, as it was termed, which was indeed a perfect guillotine, and had been of old employed in certain peculiar cases in the district that gave it the designation by which it is known. As early as 1650 a print of this machine was produced by John Hoyle, in which it was represented as mounted on a stone pedestal. It is singular that, although the *gibbet* itself has long ceased to exist, yet the accuracy of the representation has been attested by the recent discovery of this identical pedestal or stone scaffold, it having

been long buried beneath an accumulation of rubbish and soil which had formed a grassy mound, commonly supposed to be a natural hill. The town trustees having, however, a few years since, purchased the Gibbet-hill, and having determined to reduce it to the level of the surrounding fields, this curious relic of antiquity was brought to light. The ancient axe is still in the possession of the lord of the manor of Wakefield.

Numerous other illustrations of the early use of the guillotine are collected by the author of the work before us, from which it appears that this mode of inflicting capital punishment has been resorted to in Italy, in Ireland, and even among the Romans. There are engravings and wood-cuts of the sixteenth century extant, which represent guillotines of great elaboration, as having been employed in times of antiquity. In Cranach's wood-cuts of the "Martyrdom of the Apostles," for instance, printed at Wittenberg in 1539, there is an exhibition of the death of St. Matthew by the guillotine, with a legend to the effect that "his head was chopped off by a falling axe, after the manner of the Romans." In explanation of the latter phrase, it may be stated that the frontispiece of Mr. Croker's book contains a representation of the death of Titus Manlius by means of a massive and highly-finished guillotine, which has been reproduced from some old German print. Nor is this terrible destroyer totally unknown to the earlier epochs of French criminal history, since we learn that the great marshal de Montmorenci was beheaded at Toulouse, in 1632, by means of such an instrument. From these facts we may safely conclude that this mode of execution was common on the continent, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and especially in cases of persons of rank and distinction.

It is equally clear, however, that the knowledge of this method of decollation had passed into general oblivion at the beginning of the French revolution. A considerable interval elapsed between the occasion when the subject was first mooted by Dr. Guillotin and the period when the grim decapitator assumed physical shape and proportions, and commenced its career of carnage. There was for some time a general repugnance to entertain and discuss the question—a sort of instinctive dread of all responsibility in the fabrication of the bloody thing, which contrasts strangely with the horrid and disgusting familiarity that was afterwards manifested towards its ruthless operations. It is probably known to most of our readers that the unfortunate man whose name it bears was in no sense the inventor or fabricator of the instrument; nor was the guillotine originally designed with any view to what subsequently became the source of its infamy—the great number of victims that it could dispose of in a short space of time. On the contrary, it is a curious fact that this blood-thirsty implement was at first proposed on a combined principle of justice and mercy. The law, in cases of capital punishment, only demanding the *death* of the culprit, it was contended by men of philanthropic views, that a mode of execution ought to be adopted that would be instantaneous, and free from the infliction of all unnecessary suffering. Such was the plea that gave birth to the ill-omened guillotine.

Foremost among the philanthropists and liberals of the time was Dr. Guillotin, who, though a person of very moderate ability, was so recommended to the *Tiers Etat* by his popular pamphlets (one of which, by-the-by, is said to have been the production of a certain lawyer who was ashamed to acknowledge its paternity), and by the censure of the parliament, that he was elected a representative of Paris to the National Assembly. On this body transferring its sittings from Versailles to Paris, Dr. Guillotin, in order, it is alleged, to ingratiate himself with his constituents, brought forward a series of propositions on crime, criminals, and the mode of punishment; among which was one to the effect that, in all cases of execution, one uniform method should be employed, namely, "by means of a *machine*." These propositions were adjourned without a debate; but about two months afterwards, the pertinacious doctor brought them forward again, with little better success. The debate on this second occasion was brought to a sudden conclusion by an inadvertence of Guillotin himself, who, after representing hanging as an exceedingly tedious and torturing process, exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "Now, with my machine, I strike off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you never feel it." A general laugh, we are told, terminated the debate; "and amongst the laughers there were scores who were destined to be early victims of the yet unborn cause of their merriment."

"Though Dr. Guillotin had talked so peremptorily and indiscreetly about *his machine*," says our authority, "it does not appear that he had as yet prepared even a model, and it is nearly certain that he had no concern in the actual construction of the instrument that was eventually adopted, but to which, while yet in embryo, this unluckily burst of surgical enthusiasm was the occasion of affixing his name." This unfortunate phrase was seized upon and made the subject of a song, which soon became popular with the Parisians, and thus by anticipation gave an unchangeable appellation to the instrument, which had not until three years afterwards an actual existence. The designation of *Guillotin*, thus arbitrarily conferred, stuck, as the phrase is, in spite of an attempt subsequently made to call it the *Louisian*, after M. Louis, the secretary of the College of Surgeons, who did actually preside over the construction of the machine which Guillotin had only indicated.

After frequent and protracted discussions on the subject of capital punishment—in which it is remarkable that Robespierre strenuously opposed the shedding of blood in any possible case, or under any pretext whatever—the new penal code was adopted. Two of the articles embodied in it were to the effect that "the punishment of death should consist in the mere deprivation of life, and no kind of torture to be inflicted on the condemned," and that "every person condemned should be beheaded." Still, singularly enough, no provision was made for the *mode* of decapitation, until a case occurred in the early part of 1792 that necessitated some decision in the matter. A person of the name of Pelletier was condemned to death for robbery and murder. The perplexed magistrates inquired of the minister how the sentence was to be executed. After the delay of a

month, the minister was obliged to have recourse to the Legislative Assembly for instructions. In the official letters addressed to the assembly, references are made to difficulties felt and expressed by the executioners in carrying out the intentions of the new law. As an essay on this point is in existence from the hand of M. Sanson himself, the chief and hereditary executioner of France, and who has gained such a dreadful immortality by the part he took in the horrible tragedies of the guillotine, our readers may not be sorry to see a portion of it, if it be only as a literary curiosity.

"In order that the execution," wrote Sanson, "may be performed according to the intention of law (simple deprivation of life), it is necessary that, even without any obstacle on the part of the criminal, the executioner himself should be very expert, and the criminal very firm, without which one could never get through an execution by the sword, without the certainty of dangerous accidents.

"After one execution, the sword will be no longer in a condition to perform another; being liable to get notched, it is absolutely necessary, if there are many persons to execute at the same time, that it should be ground and sharpened anew. It would be necessary, then, to have a sufficient number of swords all ready. That would lead to great and almost insurmountable difficulties.

"It is also to be remarked that swords have been very often broken in executions of this kind. The executioner of Paris possesses only two, which were given him by the *ci-devant* parliament of Paris. They cost 600 livres (24*l.*) apiece.

"It is to be considered that, when there shall be several criminals to execute at the same time, the terror that such an execution presents, by the immensity of blood which it produces, will carry fright and weakness into the most intrepid hearts of those whose turn is to come. Such weaknesses would present an invincible obstacle to the execution. The patient being no longer able to support himself, the execution, if persisted in, will become a struggle and a massacre."

After several paragraphs, characterized by the same decency in handling a very delicate subject, M. Sanson concludes with the following appeal:—

"It is therefore indispensable that, in order to fulfil the humane intentions of the National Assembly, some means should be found to avoid delays and assure certainty, by *fixing* the patient so that the success of the operation shall not be doubtful. By this the intention of the legislature will be fulfilled, and the executioner himself protected from any accidental effervescence of the public.—CHARLES HENRY SANSON."

It is evident enough, from the silence of this document on the subject, that no idea of employing a machine had found any favour at that period. Guillotin's proposition had been smothered by ridicule, and no one cared to incur the disrepute of advocating it. The urgent application of the minister of justice, however, now brought the matter to a crisis. The question was referred to a committee, who themselves consulted M. Louis, and authorized him to draw up a report, which was adopted by the committee and presented to the assembly. The legislature, on the day of presentation, decreed that the mode of execution thus recommended—decapitation by means of some

invariable mechanism—should be adopted throughout the kingdom. No notice, in these proceedings, was taken of Dr. Guillotin, who, indeed, had retired into more than his original obscurity. Many have supposed that he perished by his own instrument, but this is not the case; though it appears that he was imprisoned during the reign of terror—his crime being, it is said, that he evinced an indiscreet indignation at a proposition made to him by Danton to superintend the construction of a triple guillotine. He was afterwards released, and lived in moderate circumstances at Paris, "esteemed, it is said, by a small circle of friends, but overwhelmed by a deep sensibility to the great, though we cannot say wholly undeserved, misfortune which had rendered his name ignominious, and his very existence a subject of fearful curiosity. He just lived to see the Restoration, and died in his bed, in Paris, on the 26th of May, 1814, at the age of seventy-six."

M. Louis's proposition having been adopted, the next step was to prepare a model and an estimate of the expense of constructing the machine. This work fell to the lot of one Guidon, who calculated the cost at about 226*l*; and, when remonstrated with on the exorbitancy of the charge, he justified it on the plea of the enormous wages demanded by his workmen, "from a prejudice against the object in view." Other contractors, however, were willing to undertake the odious task at moderate charges, on the condition that their names did not appear in connexion with the unpopular instrument. Meanwhile, a piano-forte maker named Schmidt, who had already been employed to construct a somewhat similar machine for provincial use, offered to supply one after the model for 38*l*., an offer which was accepted; so that Schmidt became, in fact, the inventor and constructor of the instrument that was finally adopted. One having been made for the capital, the local authorities in the departments began to clamour for their respective machines, with a savage eagerness of which many had soon to repent in tears and blood.

The first victim of this bloody monster, after several experiments had been made with dead bodies, was the wretched Pelletier, whose case had led to all these proceedings, and whose decapitation was a sort of signal for a host of others. Three months afterwards there was an imperfect execution, arising from the swelling of the wooden grooves of the instrument, which excited public disapprobation, and led to the substitution of metal grooves. Immediately after this came the memorable *tenth of August*, when the guillotine, as a sort of "massacre-made-easy," fell into the hands of political factions, and was mercilessly employed in the perpetration of deeds of sanguinary vengeance. The king was among the earliest victims of this greedy destroyer. Instead of being occasionally set up, it was soon established in permanence, and hundreds, nay thousands of heads fell beneath its murderous blade. Among the noblest and fairest of its slain were Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, Madame Roland, and Charlotte Corday; but we would not dwell unnecessarily upon the crimes of an epoch, perhaps the darkest in human history. We earnestly hope, for the sake of humanity, that the world may never see their like again.

THE ARITHMETIC OF TIME.

THERE is something very insidious in the lapse of time. When you pass the frontiers of a new country they stop you at once and demand your passport. They look to see whence you have come and whither you are going; and everything reminds you of the transition. The dress of the people is peculiar. Their language is strange. The streets and houses, the conveyances, the style of everything is new. And often the features of the landscape are foreign. Unwonted crops grow in the fields, and unfamiliar trees stand in the hedge-rows, and quaint and unaccountable creatures flit over your head or hurry across your path. And at any given moment you have only to look up, in order to remember, "This is no more my native land; this is no longer the country in which I woke up yesterday."

But, marked and conspicuous as is our progress in *space*, we recognise no such decided transitions in our progress through *time*. When you pass the frontiers of a new year, there is no one there with authority to demand your passport; no one who forcibly arrests you, and asks, Whence comest thou? or, Whither art thou going? Art thou bound for the better country, and hast thou a safe conduct in the name of the Lord of the land? But you just pass on—'51, '52, '53—and every year repeats, We demand no passport; be sure you can show it at the journey's end, for it is certain to be needed there. And as nothing stops you at the border, so in the new year itself there is nothing distinguishable from the year that went before. The sun rises and the sun sets. Your friends are about you all the same. You ply your business or amusements just as you did afore, and all things continue as they were. And it is the same with the more signal epochs. The infant passes on to childhood, and the child to youth, and the youth to manhood, and the man to old age, and he can hardly tell when or how he crossed the boundary. On our globes and maps we have lines to mark the parallels of distance—but these lines are only on the map. Crossing the equator or the tropic, you see no score in the water, no line in the sky to mark it; and the vessel gives no lurch, no alarm sounds from the welkin, no call is emitted from the deep, and it is only the man of skill, the pilot or the captain, with his eye on the signs of heaven, who can tell that an event has happened, and that a definite portion of the voyage is completed. And so far, our life is like a voyage on the open sea, every day repeating its predecessor—the same watery plain around and the same blue dome above—each so like the other that you might fancy the charmed ship was standing still. But it is not so. The watery plain of to-day is far in advance of the plain of yesterday, and the blue dome of to-day may be very like its predecessors, but it is fashioned from quite another sky.

Oh, dear friends, it is time to be numbering the days. It is time to apply your hearts unto wisdom. It is time to read—time to listen for the great hereafter. It is time to take up that blessed book with which at the outset God graciously furnished you, and make sure of that excellent knowledge, without which you cannot see his face in peace. It is time to be seeking an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is time to be done with trifles; time to break away from silly or enslaving company, and give yourselves resolutely to the one thing needful.

When you can read your title clear
To mansions in the skies,
You'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe your weeping eyes.

When you can say, "I know whom I have believed"—when you can aver, "I am persuaded that Christ is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him"—when you have found in the blood of Jesus a cleansing from all your sin, and in *His* merits your own title to glory—a wondrous relief will come over your spirit, and you will have no forebodings about the end of the voyage. When we announce, as now we announce, that we are crossing another parallel, the intelligence will cause you no perturbation. And should you wake up at midnight and hear the hurrying steps and novel voices which bespeak the vessel come to port, you may calmly rise and make ready, for your friend is *there*, and your title is *here*. The Gospel you believe, and the Saviour you know.—"*Days Noted and Numbered.*"